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## TO MY SWEETHEART.

BY ERNEST ST. JOHN.

I shall see you, little one,  
To-morrow night;  
I shall kiss you, little one,  
To-morrow night;  
I shall hold your hand in mine,  
To-morrow night;  
I shall press your cheek to mine,  
To-morrow night;  
I shall clasp you all the time  
To-morrow night!

I will sing it, little one,  
To-morrow night;  
Here's a song for little one,  
To-morrow night;  
Ah! I love the Evening Star,  
In her diamond-studded car,  
But I'll love you greater far,  
To-morrow night!

Alas! you're laughing at my rhyme!  
And you're right:  
But you'll surely change your mind  
To-morrow night;

I shall stop your mouth with kisses;  
I shall reap a crop of blisses;  
I shall be the great Ulysses,  
To-morrow night!

Well, good-night and pleasant dreams,  
Slumbers light;  
May the world be what it seems  
To-morrow night;

I'll be solemn while I pray,  
God be with you, Sweet, away!

May our severed night be day,  
To-morrow night!

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## The Ace of Spades:

OR,  
IOLA, THE STREET SWEEPER,

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

## CHAPTER XVII.

HOW THE "MARQUIS" LOVED ESSIE TROY.

The closet in which the old man lay was quite a large one, and was used by Mr. Tremaine as a receptacle for all his papers.

"He was evidently in here when we entered the room," said Tremaine, "and not wishing to disturb us, remained an involuntary listener. The close air of the closet probably caused him to faint."

It was plain that Tremaine had guessed the truth, for the gas was burning in the closet, and the old man held, tightly clutched in his hand, a bundle of leases.

"Do you think that he can have overheard what we have been saying?" asked Oswald.

"It is probable," answered Tremaine; "but I do not fear his mentioning it. He is no gossip."

Then the two carried the old man out into the library and placed him in a chair. All efforts to revive the secretary were fruitless. But that they could feel that his heart still beat slowly, they would have thought him dead.

Tremaine summoned the servants, the old man was removed to his room, undressed and put to bed; and a messenger dispatched for the doctor.

Doctor Dornon came in haste, and after examining the old man announced that he was laboring under a serious attack of brain fever. Before the arrival of the doctor the old man had recovered his speech, but not his senses; his words were wild and disordered. The doctor, listening attentively, could only catch one single sentence that seemed to have meaning in it; and that sentence the sick man muttered over and over again.

"Ace—black—all black—a spade to dig her grave!"

Such were the disjointed words of the old man.

The doctor scratched the side of his nose reflectively, a sign in him of deep thought.

"If he were a young man, I should say that he had been gambling; but, no, that isn't possible. There's a woman mixed up in it somehow; nothing wonderful in that though; women are mixed up in everything in this world. 'Ace,' and 'a spade' to dig her grave." Well, it's a mystery." And the doctor returned to the library.

"What is the matter with him, doctor?"

"A brain fever?"

Father and son looked at each other in astonishment.

"He must have received some great shock, either physical or mental," continued the doctor. "Has any accident happened to him?"

"No; he was in the closet yonder when Oswald and I entered the room, and apparently not wishing to disturb us, kept silent, for we had no idea of his presence until he swooned and fell from his chair to the floor. I supposed that the closeness of the air of the closet caused his faintness."

"It's a most astonishing case. Never, in the whole course of my medical experience, have I known of a case of brain fever produced by a simple fainting-fit caused by bad air. Could he overhear your conversation in the closet?"

"Yes, I think so," replied Tremaine.

"Did you touch upon any matters likely to interest him in the least?"

"No."

The doctor looked puzzled.

"Well, I confess I can not understand it.

If, as it appears, he has received no accident

"THAT'S HER!" SAID BILL, SAVAGELY.

search of some solution to this odd mystery, the Ace of Spades stared him in the face.

In an instant the recollection of the card he had given Christine sixteen years before flashed upon him; the card that had indeed proved an omen of evil.

"What can this mean?" Tremaine muttered to himself, with a puzzled look. "Can this person have any connection with the past?" Well, show him up, John," he said, aloud.

The servant withdrew, but in a few minutes returned conducting the "Marquis," who was the person who had sent the mysterious message.

"You may withdraw, John," said Tremaine to the servant, who stood discreetly at the door, waiting for orders.

The servant bowed and left the room, closing the door behind him.

"Well, sir, your business with me?" asked Tremaine, gazing with curiosity into the handsome face of the young man, and detecting in that face a strange resemblance to some other face that he had seen. But who the possessor of that face was he could not remember.

"That will require a short explanation, sir," said the "Marquis," with easy politeness.

"Proceed, sir," said Tremaine, vainly endeavoring to recall where he had seen the young man's face before, or if not his face the face that it so strongly resembled.

"Do you remember the year 1852?" asked the "Marquis."

Tremaine started. His thought went right; his visitor had some connection with the events of that terrible night.

"Yes, sir. I remember; but to what particular part of the year have you reference?"

"The night of the 20th of September."

Despite his self-control, Tremaine shuddered.

"I am about to speak of a terrible event that happened on that night," continued the young man; "of a woman killed by lightning and a child rendered motherless."

"Well, sir, what has this to do with me?" Tremaine asked. He saw plainly that by some means the young man had gained a knowledge of the events of the dreadful night, the memory of which, even now, after the long lapse of years, was full of pain to him. Yet he felt sure that his strange visitor could not possibly possess any clue to connect him with those terrible events.

"Only that you are the father of the motherless child."

Tremaine stared in astonishment. There was no trace of hesitation in the stranger's voice as he made the charge. He spoke like one fully confident.

"Possibly, you have some proof of what you assert, or it will be difficult for you to make people believe your story," Tremaine said, slowly. He felt sure that he had guessed the object of the stranger's visit. By some unaccountable means he had become possessed of the history of that terrible night's transactions, and had come to levy blackmail as the price of silence.

"I see, sir," said Catterton, very politely, and with great respect in his manner, "that you do not understand why I have taken the liberty to call upon you. There is only one person in the world that I wish to impress with the belief that I speak the truth, and that person is yourself."

"Indeed!" Tremaine was bewildered.

"Yes, sir, and you know that I speak the truth when I say that you are the father of the girl known as Essie, and who is the daughter of Christine Averill. You will not deny this, when I tell you that I am the newsboy that placed the child in your arms that night, and who received a hundred dollars for that service. I followed you that night with the intent to find out who and what you were. I did not know your name,

For a moment Tremaine looked into the face of the "Marquis," and in that face he saw written honesty.

"I'll do it!" he said, "and trust you." And when Daniel Catterton, the "Marquis," left the house of Tremaine, he carried with him a check for a thousand dollars.

The "Marquis" was in the right road after all.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"OLD TIMES ROCKS."

Iola had been in the paper-box factory three days, and was as happy as happy could be. Each evening the "Marquis" called to see her and spent an hour or two in the little parlor. Catterton could not understand what made the hours pass so pleasantly and so swiftly when he was in Iola's company. The girl did not try to understand. It was enough for her that she was happy in his society, she did not question why.

The evening of the third day had come. Iola descended the long flights of stairs that led from the factory to the street, light and joyous as a bird on a bright May morning, and took her way home.

Iola little thought that evil eyes were watching her, that brutal hearts were laying snares for her feet.

On the other side of the street, in a doorway, stood two men: one of them was well-known to us, it is Mr. William Thompson, otherwise known as English Bill. His companion was a rough-looking fellow, not quite so burly in form as Bill. He was known as Curly Rocks, and sometimes familiarly called by his associates "Old Times Rocks," probably on account of his long association with the roughs of Water street, he having been brought up from childhood in that delightful region.

"That's her, curse her!" cried Bill, savagely.

Accident had revealed to Bill Iola's working place.

Ever since the girl's sudden and unaccountable disappearance Bill had hunted high and low for the missing one. His search had been fruitless until happening with Curly Rocks to be passing down Canal street, he saw, to his great delight, Iola come out of the building in which was situated her work-shop.

"Is that so?" asked Rocks, who was not acquainted with Iola.

"And now I've got my eyes on her; blast Bill, I'll soon have her in my hands again," Bill exclaimed with ferocious delight.

"Why don't you go right over, take her by the nap of the neck and snake her off home, say?" exclaimed Curly, who was an extremely practical ruffian.

"An' have her holler blue murder an' then have the perlice come down onto us an' take us both off to the station?" returned Bill.

"Well, wot of that?" cried Curly, "she's your gal, ain't she? Ain't you got a right to do wot you like with her?" Wot's the use of bein' a father if you hain't got a right to take your gal home when she runs away from you? I'd like to know."

"Well, I don't want to have any fuss," replied Bill, "I'd rather git hold of the young brat quietly. Besides I want to find out who dressed her up this way. She ain't gone to the devil, as I thought, 'cos she wouldn't be a-worokin' if she was. Let's foller her an' see where she goes to."

And so the two roughs started in pursuit of Iola, being careful, however, not to betray her that she was followed.

Iola went straight to her home as usual.

Bill and Curly saw her enter the door of the boarding-house.

The game was tred.

"I'd like to know where she got all those new togs?" growled Curly.

"She looks as gay as a pink!" cried Curly, admiringly.

"I'll soon change her looks, let me git my hands on her ag'in!" said Bill, savagely.

"Well, now, old man, wot's the programme, eh?" asked Curly.

"To git hold of her as soon as possible," returned Bill, fiercely.

"Yes, but how are ye a-goin' fer to do it, 'cos I rather fancy that the gal won't come with you, herself, if she knows it; not much, you know," and Curly put his tongue in his cheek, significantly.

"That's so, curse her!" cried Bill, in a rage, "let me git hold on her ag'in, I'll take the devil out of her—I'll tame her!"

"Yes, but how are you a-goin' to git hold on her?" Unless you walks up to the front door, rings the bell an' says 'My name's William Thompson, you've got my gal here an' I want her.' An' if the young'un should happen to reply, 'Don't you wish you may git it?' or 'Will you hold your breath till I go with you?' or any other perlite observation, what are you a-goin' to do about it? unless you calls in the perlice for to make her go with you," observed the playful and saucy Curly.

"You just leave me alone, I'll fix it some-way," said Bill, "but I'd like to know where she got that new dress. Dresses don't lay round loose in the streets of New York."

"That's so," chimed in Curly.

"She would never have run off unless some one told her to, an' fixed a place for her to go to. I'd give something to find out all about it," said Bill, thoughtfully.

"Evenin' News, only one cent!" yelled a boy's voice close at Curly's elbow. "Hello! buy a paper, Bill!" continued the voice.

The roughs turned and beheld the newsboy called Shorty.

"No, I don't want no paper," gruffly said Bill.

"Say, you don't trust, Shorty, do yer?" asked Curly, who had a keen sense of the humorous.

"Trust! what do you take me for, say?"



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demanded Shorty. "I does a cash business, regular, 'cos it's too much trouble to keep books."

Bill was deeply cogitating how he should learn all the particulars regarding Iola, when an idea struck him.

"Say, Shorty," said Bill, "would you like to make a dollar?"

"Would I?" exclaimed the boy; his eyes gleaming. "Oh, no! not much, nor for Joe—just you show me how I kin make a dollar, an' see me go fur it."

"Well, my gal, I<sup>o</sup>, is over in that house there—the brick boarding-house. Now you just find out all about her that you can; who brought her there, who comes to see her, an' I'll give you a dollar."

"Yer will?"

"Yes!"

"Why you are a reg'lar rounder, you are! Just you wait here a minit an' I'll find out all 'bout it. I sells papers to the cook over there, I does," and with these parting words, Shorty ran across the street, and disappeared down the basement-steps.

"I've got her!" cried Bill, with sanguine glee. "I'll have her in my hands before this night's over; see if I don't!"

## CHAPTER XIX. ENGLISH BILL'S "LITTLE GAME."

In about ten minutes the newsboy returned. He had found out all that the cook knew in regard to Iola, and that was, that she had only been in the boarding-house some few days, and that a young gentleman—some relation, the cook supposed—called upon her every evening at eight o'clock.

"Wot was the name of the cove?" asked Curly.

"Catterton," answered the boy.

"Oh, split me!" cried Curly, in astonishment.

"What's the matter?" asked Bill. He had forgotten the name of the "Marquis," accustomed as he was only to call him by his sporting name.

"Why, that's Dan the Devil," the fellow wot you got arter the other night!" cried Curly.

"The devil it is!" exclaimed Bill.

"That's so," answered the other.

"Then, he's the one that took the gal away. I'll be even with him yet!" and Bill's manner showed plainly how deeply he hated the young man.

"Say, old hoss, you promised me a dollar!" cried the newsboy.

"Here it is," and Bill handed the note to Shorty.

"I say, Shorty, ain't you a-goin' to treat?" asked Curly.

"Does your mother know you're out?"

was the ambiguous response of the newsboy; and without waiting for an answer to his question, he darted up the street and was soon busy crying his papers.

"Wot's your little game?" asked Curly.

"Just you wait a little while an' you'll see," replied Bill.

"I'll keep the hair on my head!" by which expressive sentence, Curly intimated that he would wait.

"Say, Rocks, do you think you can play a perice detective?" Bill asked.

"Well, I don't know; I ought to. I've seen a good deal of them," returned Curly, with a grim.

"You kin do it, I know. I'll tell you wot to say as we go along."

"Where are you going?"

"Up to Chatham Square. I want a hack, an' Patsy Duke stands up there. He's all right, he is. Say, will you join in my little game?"

Iola had just finished supper when the door-bell rung, and Mrs. Wiggins, going to the door, returned with the information that a man wanted to see Miss Thompson.

Iola could not imagine who it was, but went at once to the door. Upon perceiving the rough-looking man that stood there she hesitated in some little alarm. But as the landlady, Mrs. Wiggins, was close behind her, she knew that there could be no danger.

"Are you Miss Thompson?" asked the man, in quite a polite tone for one so rough as he.

"Yes, sir," answered Iola.

"Well, miss, I am a detective officer; my name is Jones. There's a friend of yours—Mr. Catterton—got into trouble 'bout assaultin' a feller on Broadway, named English Bill, the other night, an' he wants you to come up to the station an' testify for him, 'cos he said that you seed the whole fuss."

"What will they do to Mr. Catterton?" asked Iola, in dismay at the thought of any danger coming to her friend and on her account too.

"Oh, nothin', miss; you kin git him right out of it just by tellin' what you know," answered Mr. Jones.

"Shall I have to go to the police-station?" asked Iola.

"Yes, right away, too. Mr. Catterton sent a hack for you. It won't take ten minutes to fix the fuss up all right."

"What shall I do, Mrs. Wiggins?" said Iola, feeling a doubt, despite the words of the stranger.

"Why, go, of course, my dear!" cried the landlady, quickly, no thought of evil entering her mind. "Good gracious! Mr. Catterton is such a nice young man!"

"Yes, ma'am, he's a reg'lar brick!" said Mr. Jones.

"Can this lady go with me?" asked Iola, still feeling a doubt in her mind.

"In course!" cried the detective quickly; "come right along, ma'am."

Assured at last Iola hurried up-stairs for her hat and cloak, while Mrs. Wiggins rushed hastily for her bonnet and shawl.

"He is in danger, and on my account!" cried Iola, as with trembling hands she threw the cloak over her shoulders; "how good he has been to me!"

Then Iola ran downstairs—her mind now filled with only one thought, the danger of the "Marquis."

The dusk of the evening was upon the street, and the gas was being lighted in the stores.

"Lightly Iola!" repeated Mrs. Wiggins, half fainting in her excitement, "a gent come as said that his name was Jones and he was a detective officer, an' he asked after Miss Thompson, quite polite like, an' he said as how you had been arrested for assaultin' somebody, an' she must go right away for a witness, an' she asked me for to go with her, an' we got our things on an' she got into the coach, an' no sooner had she got in than the coachman, the villain! hanging's too good for him—he drove off an' left me an' the detective, as said his name was Jones, a-standin' on the blessed sidewalk!"

"Is it possible?" cried Catterton, almost bewildered at this sudden blow, for the whole scheme was clear to him in an instant. He saw plainly that Iola had been abducted.

"Possible it is, an' quite correct!" cried Mrs. Wiggins, "an' the gent as said he was a detective and his name was Jones, was quite polite, an' he'd bring Miss Iola back all safe."

"This is some mistake," said Catterton.

He did not care to enter into particulars, which could do no good and might do mischief.

"Whatever shall we do?" asked Mrs. Wiggins.

"Why, we can walk to the office, ma'am; it's only up in Harlem."

"Harlem! walk to Harlem!" cried the astonished Mrs. Wiggins.

"Why no, of course not. We can take a hoss-car."

"Well, I don't know as there is really any need of my going," said Mrs. Wiggins, thoughtfully.

"I spose you'll see that the young lady comes home all safe!"

"Oh, in course," responded the detective, with urbanity, "in course I'll bring her home all right. Don't you worry 'bout that, ma'am. I'm very sorry that you couldn't go, but I'll never employ that brute of a driver ag'in—Good-night, ma'am," and the detective, Mr. Jones, hastened off.

"Well, I never!" muttered Mrs. Wiggins, as she returned, disconsolate, to the house.

"The impudence and carelessness of them hack-drivers is wonderful. I don't see how people stands it."

And the good lady somewhat relieved her mind by telling the boarders how she was left standing on the pavement; what a real gentleman the detective, Mr. Jones, was, and how sorry he felt that she had been left.

About eight o'clock the door-bell rung.

Mrs. Wiggins hastened to answer it, expecting that it was Iola returned. When she opened the door she discovered to her surprise that the person who had rung the bell was Mr. Catterton, and that he was alone.

"Well, I'm glad you've got out!" cried Mrs. Wiggins, with a smile of welcome; "but where is Miss Iola?"

Catterton looked at the lady with amazement.

"Why, how should I know?" he asked.

"Hasn't she come back with you?" asked Mrs. Wiggins, no less astonished than her visitor.

"Come back with me!" exclaimed Catterton, "why no, of course not. How could I?"

Mrs. Wiggins now stared at the young man with wonder. Her first thought was that the "Marquis" had been drinking, but if he had, he showed no signs of it.

"Oh, I see!" cried Mrs. Wiggins, a light breaking in upon her clouded mind. "She's coming in the coach!"

"The coach!" cried Catterton, in blank amazement.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wiggins, perfectly satisfied that she had hit upon the true solution of the mystery; "but how did you get out?"

"I can't understand you!" cried the "Marquis," not able to make sense out of her questions.

"Well, I'm sure I speak plain enough!"

exclaimed Mrs. Wiggins, considerably astonished, and beginning to be a little indignant.

"How did I get out?" repeated Catterton, beginning to think that Mrs. Wiggins was slightly insane.

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"My dear madam!" exclaimed Catterton, plainly seeing that there was a misunderstanding somewhere, "what on earth do you mean by asking me how I got out, and why I didn't come back with Miss Iola?"

"How did I get out?" repeated Catterton.

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ton—beautious, enchanting and refined, possessing every qualification his wife should possess, except the one consideration of a love that was from the soul.

To George Casselmaire, a marriage without this love was a mockery to which he could not, would not consent. Not that he entertained the most remote idea of giving up his beautiful Maude, but he determined to grow to love her; and when the time came that he could in all truth claim her as his wife, the marriage might be solemnized, and never ill then.

Rather than learn to love, George Casselmaire wished it might have burst upon him at once. He wished, when he first saw her, the right feeling had come, and this was what his heart was starving for, while he was nobly striving to cultivate the coy passion.

His thoughts were assuming a serious import, and he was growing restless and impatient, when, suddenly, the door opened.

He was so entirely unprepared for the vision that burst upon him, that he cared not to restrain the exclamation that rose to his lips, and a bright smile welcomed his attendant as she blushing advanced to his side.

Ida extended her hand cordially.

"You have awakened, I perceive, sir."

You feel much better, do you not?"

"Thanks to some one's skillfulness, yes;

and that some one I believe is yourself. Is it not?"

Ida smiled pleasantly.

"I certainly attended to you but how skilfully I can not say."

"And to whom am I thus eternally indebted?"

The admiring, wifelike glance sent the wild blood to her face as she answered.

"I am Ida Tressel."

"Ida Tressel!"

Unconsciously his lips repeated the name.

"I will confess so sweet a name surprises me in this country place."

His winning smile and gentle tones were making sad incroads on Ida's heart, but she bravely smothered every shadow of her feelings.

"What must you think then of the title of the dwelling you are in? We call it 'Rose Cottage'."

"Ida Tressel of Rose Cottage! I shall never forget that. I think it is the sweetest sound I ever heard."

George Casselmaire spoke truthfully, and Ida's face flushed with pleasure.

"I have prepared a light lunch for you, sir, and if you are ready I will bring it up."

"All ready, except that I'll have some water and a napkin first. I'm rather dusty."

Ida poured from the water-vase a basin of cool water, and set it on a chair by the bed; then hung a clean, perfumed towel beside it.

With a careless movement, George arose to a sitting posture, and essayed to turn back his cuffs, but a sudden faintness seized him, and his face as ashen as death, he was forced to lie down again.

In a moment the giddiness passed away, and looking toward Ida, he smiled mischievously.

"Miss Tressel, you will pardon my presumption in daring to suggest such a thing, but really I am unable to bathe my face."

She hesitated a moment, just as Hetty entered the room.

"Aunt Hetty can assist you," she said, pointing to the sable attendant who carried the tray of edibles.

George cast an imploring glance at her which said, plainly as looks might say—he much preferred Ida's ministrations. But, she was dumb to his glance, and, as Aunt Hetty deposited the waiter on the stand, was about to request her assistance. But Casselmaire superseded her.

"Miss Tressel, if it is not too much trouble, would you please help me bathe my face?"

His eyes were beaming with a merry twinkle, and a mischievous smile parted his lips.

Ida blushed, and then smiled, then comprehending the ludicrous situation, laughed aloud.

"Please grant me this one favor, dear Miss Tressel."

Ida's heart beat tumultuously, but she calmed herself, and, gravely and sweetly, with not the faintest show of merriment, proceeded to bathe his face and hands.

As her hands lingered around the wavering hair that curled over the white forehead, she shivered, in spite of herself. How could it be otherwise?

Here was her ideal, on whom she was lavishing all her heart's affection; comparatively helpless under her hands; his handsome face smiling so kindly in her eyes, and his own dark eyes beaming so merrily. True, there was no suspicion of love in George Casselmaire's demeanor, but Ida felt sure he did not dislike her, and that was a delight. So her hands wandered caressingly, lingeringly perhaps, in the thick waving hair, and she reluctantly declared her task accomplished.

"No! you are not through?" he asked, and Ida imagined she detected a shade of disappointment on his face.

"I am. Will you have the glass to see if all is right?"

She would have gone for the little hand-mirror on the toilette stand, but Casselmaire suddenly detained her.

"No, Miss Tressel," and he caught both her hands, while a rich bloom tinted her cheeks; "no; you shall tell me if I look well. Do I? Are you satisfied with me?"

"Was she satisfied?" how that innocent question made her quiver. Satisfied with George Casselmaire!" but she raised her lids, and glanced timidly at the handsome man.

"I am perfectly satisfied, sir. Your hair is arranged very becomingly, I think."

"Let me see for myself, please."

He looked earnestly in her eyes, so flooded with the love-light in their depths; he looked eagerly, and when she could no longer return his searching glance, with a faint cry she buried her scarlet cheeks in her hands. Casselmaire detained one hand.

"Miss Ida, I beg your pardon! I was cruel, barbarous, to tax your modesty, to try your patience so! Forgive me, my kind nurse, my little attendant, will you?"

His smile was bright—his tones earnest, but Ida saw not the one, if she heard the other. She only knew that perhaps he had read her secret in her tell-tale eyes; and those were worse than never being loved!

"Look at me for a single moment, and I promise not to offend again."

He placed his hand under her chin and gently raised her face, so their eyes met.

"You forgive me, freely forgive my rudeness and will grant me a great favor to prove my unreserved pardon?"

"I shall think nothing of it," she murmured, striving to appear indifferent.

"Pray, Miss Ida, listen, and let me tell you how dearly the old man loves you—"

"Be silent, sir," she commanded, impetuously. "Your language inspires me with horror, with disgust. You are not a man, or you would cease your unwelcome, impudent avowal. No man with any spirit would pursue a woman with such distasteful protestations."

Proudly and with innate dignity she looked at the bent form before her.

"I have enough spirit to continue to strive for the treasure I swear I shall obtain," he replied, angrily, clutching his fist on the arm of the chair.

She gestured him away, and then turned to withdraw to her room.

"No, Ida Tressel, you disobedient child, you shall hear me. You dare not reject this offer."

"What? I dare not bestow my love upon whom I will?"

"No. Your old, infirm father, who has worked and toiled these three-score years for you, commands you instantly to accept your suitor. By the authority of a parent, I beseech you."

Ida smiled in supreme disdain. "No earthly power, nor human ingenuity is able to coerce me in this affair. I never shall, never can, be persuaded to marry old Andrew Joyce."

Like an enraged lioness she exultingly confronted her father and their guest.

"One moment, if it pleases you, my dear young lady. May I speak? I would beg to know if you have a prior engagement which is the obstacle between us?"

A vivid blush mantled Ida's brow, but she did not deign to reply. Her father answered for her.

"She loves, but has no lover, sir."

His sarcastic words, the cutting tone in which they were spoken, stung her to the quick, and she turned fiercely upon them, her face aglow.

"My child," spoke her father, "our guest comes; welcome him as becomes us."

The tottering old man stepped on the porch, a foolish smile of gallantry playing on his withered lips as he reached his hand to Ida, with the other clutching the gold-headed cane, without which he was powerless.

A scornful expression of her face answered his salutation, and she remained silent.

"Sit down, neighbor, sit down; Ida will wheel the easy-chair up for you."

Mr. Tressel darted a reproving glance at his daughter's cold, proud face.

"Never mind, my beauty. To be sure I am no young lover coming a-wooing,

but the gold in my pocket will balance all that, eh?"

His dim blue eyes sought Ida's, but with a gesture of disgust she turned away.

"Ida," spoke her father, sternly, while Mr. Joyce endeavored to assume an air of profound dignity, "the time for silly trifling has gone by. You well know the object of Mr. Joyce's visit here to-day, and he knows you are aware of it. He comes to repeat to you what he said to me; he comes to hear from you what I have promised him."

With a courtesy she left the room.

Proudly stern, Ida listened to her father's words, and replied by a careless nod, and a slight smile of contempt.

"Yes, sweet Ida, I come for the express purpose of offering you my hand and heart; one full of gold and jewels for my lovely bride, the other full of love for my charming wife."

Such overwhelming affection must be a fairy tale. This confession is a falsehood, then, for you told me but a few moments before you would never marry."

I referred to yourself, sir. I shall never marry, unless it is the one I love.

I have told you my final, unalterable resolution. I shall not allow so loathsome a subject to annoy me again."

With a courtesy she left the room.

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"Never, never!" cried she. "I never will wreck my happiness by binding my young life to yours; I despise it!"

"Be silent, till you can use choicer language," angrily commanded her father.

"Do not mind her; it is only maiden coyness," said old Andrew Joyce, endeavoring to reconcile the two.

"It is not," she replied, sternly. "Maiden coyness has no affinity with aged imbecility. When an old, decrepit man of seventy seeks to marry a girl of nineteen,

third his years, womanly anger takes the place of maiden coyness. Again I repeat, you had better keep your overtures for some one more anxious for the gold and jewels you seem so determined shall buy you a wife."

Her eyes flashed fiercely, and she confronted both the old men, while old Aunt Hetty pitied her from her far-off seat in the little back kitchen.

"Your father has passed his word, and he will not break it. When once I have the right to call you mine, you will learn how kind and loving I am, and you will never repeat your choice."

"I shall never repent; for I shall not commit any thing worthy of repentance. My father may promise me to whom he deigned to bestow, and hanging his overcoat on the ebony rack, and leaving his valise and hat beside it, the stranger ascended the stairs. The soft Aubusson carpet gave back no sound of his footfall, and silent and unseen, he continued his way.

A faint light in the chandelier in the hall illuminated the splendid decorations of the broad, low staircase, the frescoed walls, the statuary in the niches, the velvet-carpeted floor. Beyond the ground-glass doors, draped with costly lace, which stood slightly ajar, he saw the massive sideboard, fraught with its precious weight of silver and glass. The view was a beautiful one, but it was only a quick, scornful glance he deigned to bestow, and hanging his overcoat on the ebony rack, and leaving his valise and hat beside it, the stranger ascended the stairs.

Like music, sung by the siren of the fatal rocks, her low, liquid voice came to his ear, and her beautiful, melting eyes gazed affectionately in his own.

Clare Trevlyn had charmed him once, but her time had passed.

"Never call me husband again, I command you!" lie replied, almost fiercely, shaking her soft white hand from his arm.

His words stung her to madness, and she answered in her anger:

"And you, whom the world thinks an enviable man, whom mammas and daughters look covetously upon—you, whose wife is disgraced, dishonored—can enjoy your freedom, your pleasure; can visit beautiful ladies, and whisper love-words in their ears."

"Clare!"

Frederic Trevlyn fairly thundered the name. His face grew white with an ill-suppressed passion as he proceeded.

"How dare you mention this subject? Remember, never another word on this matter."

"You have not the power to silence me! I will speak, and inform you that my love, earnest though it was, can turn to hate! I can punish you, if I am what you declare you 'hate' and 'despise'!"

She paused to await his reply, but he sternly regarded her in contemptuous silence. She spoke again, now wooing and humble.

"Frederic, I am angry; I am saying what I should not say. Forgive me; and, oh, I pray you, love me again. Only let me be your happy wife again, and I will compass the wide earth to please you, to delight you. See, Frederic! Clare is penitently suing for your pardon and love!"

She knelt humbly before him, but he motioned her away.

"Never! never! the hateful bands that unite us shall remain the same; if I wear the galling chains, they shall clank around your neck also. We will not be divorced, but we are not a married pair. You shall be answerable for every hour of sorrow and anguish you have forced upon me; you shall live here alone, secluded, to meditate on your sinfulness. Remove your arms; they pollute me. We are not even friends; we are strangers."

He snatched his foot from her hand, and with a contemptuous bow, withdrew.

(To be Continued—Commenced in No. 12.)

here, for I gave it to you. You were my wife once, Clare, my loved wife; you are my little dead daughter's mother. I never shall forget that; and for her sake it is that I tolerate you enough to hold an acquaintance with you. But beyond these claims, you are not my wife. You never shall be."

His language, though decided, was not harsh. His tones, though firm and stern, were not malignant, and Clare Trevlyn knew he meant every syllable he uttered.

Her cheek paled, and she trembled like an aspen.

"No, Frederic! Unsay those cruel words! Remember an early wedded life; remember how happy, how trusting you were then. You loved me then, my husband."

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# SATURDAY JOURNAL

**Saturday Journal**

Published every Tuesday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JUNE 18, 1870.

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All communication, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to

**BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,**

98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

#### Contributors and Correspondents.

"THE AGE OF GOLD," poem, is very good. Will use, with some slight changes in phraseology.

"THE REVIEW OF THE MONTH," by J. G. M., Jr., we can not use. It is good, but is too purely critical in character for a people's paper. Send it to one of the "literary weeklies." MS. is returned.

"THE SCHOOLBOY TRAGEDY" is rather boyish for print. MS. is destroyed.

Poem "FASHIONABLE WOMEN" is not up to the mark. It is crude. The author should learn well the art of poetic expression and composition before trying to write for the press.

"HOW BILL GOT A WIFE" is very commonplace sort of a story. Nothing new in his way of doing things. The author narrates well, but must plot and plan with more originality.

"MRS. BROWN'S STORY" is not available. We do not use English stories. Can obtain such matter from the British periodicals, if we care to avail ourselves of it—which we do not.

Will use essays "BROWN-STONE FRONTS" and "CHARITY." They are very well pointed.

"THE HAUNTED WOOD," by J. A. T., we can not use. MS. not preserved, no stamp being enclosed.

"MARIAN MARGRAVE'S PREMONITION," by J. P., we can not use. MS. is not destroyed, as author may find use for it elsewhere.

A. J. T. Yes, we are always glad to receive the little essays, or "sermons," on home and heart themes, on life and conduct, on men and manners. A little contribution often expends much in a brief space, and are welcome to a place on our fourth page where meritorious enough for that honor.

"MY COTTAGE HOME" by S. W. P., we can not use. The poetry as poetry is rather of the machine order. Ditto poem "WHEN IN THE MORN."

R. T. B., Winchester, Va., can be supplied with the first nine numbers of this Journal for five cents per number.

Mrs. Theresa T. De V.'s communication on the "WOMAN QUESTION" we do not care to use. While we are fast and firm friends of women, we are suspicious of the "movement" for suffrage and woman's rights. It has for some time been our opinion that the leaders of this movement were uneasy under the marriage bond, and would, sooner or later, come out boldly for making all "marriage" a mere arrangement or civil agreement, using Lucy Stone's arrangement with Mr. Blackwell as a type or precedent.

The "movement" has been a fine feather in the most of the friends of the movement; but, the evidences that it is a correct prophecy multiply so rapidly that further denial is useless. No careful observer, we think, can deny that an abrogation of the marriage-tie, as a life covenant, is one of the aims of the "reform." Mrs. Stanton, in her recent lecture "for ladies only," thus stated the question:

"Even these protracted divorce trials, and all their sickening details, are voices now coming to sound the ties they loathe and abhor, and slowly but surely educating public sentiment to a true marriage relation."

"I think divorce is the will of the parties is not only true, but that it is a sin against nature, the family, the State, for a man and woman to live together in the marriage relation in continual antagonism, indifference, disgust."

—We can only add that we coincide with a leading German paper which says: "If the laws are to be made an integral part of the Woman's Rights platform, the whole movement is irretrievably lost."

Better let that issue come up in the future, when woman has power, than to put it forward now, when, it is certain, the vast majority of people will be shocked at the assumption that such a "marriage" as Lucy Stone's is the true marriage.

#### A STARTLING STORY OF THE SMOKY CITY!

#### A STRANGE REVELATION!

We have the pleasure of announcing a new romance of great power of narrative, and striking qualities of story, to commence in the next number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, viz:

**THE MASKED MINER;**  
OR,  
**The Iron-Merchant's Daughter.**

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,

AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAILE"; "THE SILVER CORD."

Founded upon fact, this brilliant production of the favorite author's hand has remarkable elements of interest, both of persons and events, to enchain the reader's attention.

It is at once a love romance and a tragedy—a tale of mystery and fate—a story of honest poverty and pure-prond affluence. It gives us flashes of light down in the dark mines, and reveals certain phases of fashionable life with its mask off that will startle and amaze.

Dr. Turner as a story-teller is enchanting; his invention is ever surprising; his power to reproduce life is quite Dore-like; and this, his last, may be called his best work. Written expressly for this paper, it will add to the already stanlike brilliancy of these columns.

THE MASKED MINER will commence in our next issue, No. 15, of the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

THE MODEL WEEKLY OF AMERICA!

#### Foolscap Papers.

#### At the Elastic Springs.

HAVING lately been suffering from a severe attack of hot weather, my physicians (four of them) recommended me to travel in search of my health, which they thought might be at some of the far-famed springs.

The idea suited me exactly, for I like to leave the familiar walks and go where people don't know me. You may think I have some reasons. Well, maybe I have. Seeing an advertisement in the morning paper of a remarkable spring, lately discovered in the interior of New York, whose waters were noted for their peculiar flavor, and also for their healing qualities, being good for every kind of disease except tight boots, and that they were perfectly free to all without money and almost without price, I concluded to give it a trial, enroute, and in a week, by slow and not very easy railroad stages, arrived here safely. My landlord is wanting his money, which can't be paid till I get it, as I gave the pastor all I had. I don't know what the bill is, but the card says the terms are reasonable.

I turned my shirt this morning, as I brought no extra baggage, and the snowiness of it was somewhat faded.

On dit. Frederic Fitzwilliam killed a toad which had nearly fatally scared Miss Maria McKizzick, and a wedding is on the tapas, if you know what that is.

Flirtation is all the rage among the young folks here. I got quite interested in the landlord, while keeping an open house, was also keeping a full one. He told me the beds were all full on top and underneath, and that I could take my serene repose on the wash-stand of nights. I saw right off that this was a hotel where travelers must put up with every thing, so I exchanged spirits with Job (who, by the way, never stopped at one of our hotels), ate my supper, which consisted of light dishes and a napkin, took a couple of mint-juleps as a foundation for the spring water, and went to the spring.

I think I drank five glasses out of a tin cup before I stopped. It was so good—just like lemonade. Indeed, everybody said it was exactly like lemonade.

I never saw the like, and so I took another glass; then fearing it might not agree with me, I went back and took a glass of Bourbon to neutralize the water, but the water flew to my head in spite of all the liquid I could drink.

I am well sure it was the water, since the organization of my brain is very fine, and is easily affected. Went out on the promenade to enjoy the cool of the evening. Everybody was out there for a stroll. I found that the water affected also my feet, which seemed very strange. Ran after a lady who was walking with an elderly gentleman, and then got up and asked her to apologize. Gent got mad and very insinuating. Lady denounced me a barberry-ian. Gent said I exhibited a good deal of leanness in my tightness. Saw I had better keep my mouth closed as tight as a piano in a house where there is a checker-board, so I took it all; also took my stand, using a bar of soap for a pillow. Dance in the dining-room, under me. String-band, very highly strung, playing something which would be a dirge if it was not so solemn. Hear a good many steps which are out of time; think some of the old gents are trying to step briskly, and it is too much for them. Finally, I go to sleep, and dream—I am a hippopotamus—if that's the way you spell it—squeezed nearly to death inside of a silver thimble, severely watched by the blind eye of a needle through a microscope. Then I am a little angel learning to fly, but when I get to a certain height, I reverse, and ascend with my feet foremost. Then I am a set of nine-pins, continually getting knocked down. Then I fall into a jug, without even leaving my feet out, so people can tell where I am; and then, while I am trying to divine how I came so suddenly to be in some one's back-yard, among the chicken-coops, with my arms full of chickens, all squalling, and the owner coming out the back door with a double-barrelled shot-gun, I wake up with the sun and a headache; rise, pull off my boots and count them, wash my hair, and black my face, and with pleasure go out to take a drink—I mean of the water—trying to imagine whether people come here to get sick, or get sick for the purpose of coming here. I find the water has lost none of its splendour, and inhale a large quantity, for I am very near being thirsty. I take about fourteen glasses, but then quit, as I don't wish to make a swine of myself. The water doesn't affect me so peculiarly this morning, which is strange.

The following is the bill of air here:

Good coffee—there are grounds for saying so.

Soup—made by putting bread in said coffee.

Beefsteak, bully!

Fine old butter—scented.

Hash—unuspicious.

Biscuit, sorrowful.

Bread, do—ugh!

Milk, wet, and also sour-awful.

Eggs—well, I haven't eaten any very bad ones.

Vinegar, quite sweet.

Pudding, hasty.

Do, slow.

Salt, too much.

Pie-crust, very long.

Servants, very short.

For breakfast and supper, same bill, with the biggest part left out.

Of course people only come here for their health, especially the wives who tell their husbands that they are sick to come, and when they get here the unhealthiest of them positively don't eat more than three ordinary well persons might. The wives

invariably wear the best clothes; the husbands generally wear their last year's wardrobe with new buttons on.

I was particularly struck with one fine young man who wore the best clothes here. He told me he was pastor of a church in Wampum, and we stuck together very close on account of the faith—I being a half-brother to his denomination, as my first wife was a "sister." When he went to start home, he told me his congregation had failed to send him funds, and asked me for fifty dollars till he could get home, when he would send it back, in three days at the furthest. Of course I let him have it, but his time is up, and there has been a little delay. My landlord is wanting his money, which can't be paid till I get it, as I gave the pastor all I had. I don't know what the bill is, but the card says the terms are reasonable.

In conversation especially endeavor to be natural. Here, if nowhere else, should what is said be apposite, interesting and to the point. Take care to make an Irishman partial to the brogue, the hardy Scotchman to his rough and broad tongue, and the jolly Englishman to his hearty, manly syllables.

Let the Yankee be known at a glance, and the ranger in imagination stand before us.

Take care not to moralize too much in a tale. It doesn't come in well, and is generally skipped, especially by young readers.

If you wish in your tale to embody some grand moral principle, intended for older boys, of course in such case moralizing is a necessary feature, and should predominate. But in face of all this the great thing a reader looks for in a tale is *fact*, and he should get in varied and unstinted abundance, no effort being made to spin out in superfluous detail, what may lose half its interest by being subjected to such treatment. Never get on a rambling excursion. Don't let any thing be introduced which might as well be left out. Yet attend carefully to detail. Lastly we would say, be *natural*. Granted that half the serials written in our day are overdrawn pictures of overdrawn and frequently impossible events, still even such can be *told down*, and should be by those to whom it would be very little labor and would be a great improvement. For, independent of the pernicious moral influence it exerts, it is no boon to literature. Two of the greatest novelists of the present day, that what is otherwise poorly written may take the better by its sensational tone.

EXCELSIOR.

P. S. Friday. The landlord told me my bill was "six dollars a day, and servants what you please," and also said he intended to keep me till I pay it. And I have only one suit of clothes! Heard nothing from the parson yet. Talk about summer resorts!

WASHINGTON WHITBORN.

P. S. Saturday. Having heard a queer noise over my room every night, I went up in the garret this morning to see what it was, and there I found a fellow pumping water into a vat, and another throwing in lemons and sugar. The vat was connected with the spring by a pipe which ran underground. N. B. The landlord told me, a little bit ago, that my bill was all paid, and for as much longer as I had a mind to remain.

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P. S. Saturday. Having heard a queer noise over my room every night, I went up in the garret this morning to see what it was, and there I found a fellow pumping water into a vat, and another throwing in le

The man who had knocked entered the room.

In person he was a little, lithe fellow, with a heavy beard, black as night. He was not old—barely thirty. There was an expression of shrewd cunning upon his clearly-cut, olive-toned features.

"Good-evening, neighbor Beppo," said the stranger, who was the man known as Giacomo Petrucca, the image-maker.

"Good-evening," responded Beppo.

"By your leave, I will sit down," said Giacomo, helping himself to a chair. "I have come upon important business to-night, Sir." Beppo," he continued. "You have a very lovely daughter—Bianca. I want a wife, and I have admired your daughter ever since I made her acquaintance a month ago. I come to ask you to give me your daughter for a wife."

Beyond a slight movement of the eyes, Beppo's impassive face showed no sign as to whether he was pleased or displeased with the frank speech of the young Italian, which was given in a somewhat insolent way.

"I feel honored by your offer, but I must decline," said Beppo, dryly.

"Decline!" cried Giacomo, an angry glint in his eyes.

"Yes, decline," repeated Beppo.

"You had better not!" said Giacomo, with menace in his tones.

"Why not?" Beppo's face showed plainly his rising anger.

"Because you will repent it, and I'll tell you why," said Giacomo, with a look of triumph.

Beppo felt a sudden chill as if he had trodden on a snake. He cast a searching glance into the face of the young man.

"I'm going to tell you a little Roman story," said Giacomo, with a meaning look. "Eighteen years ago in Rome there lived a dashing young nobleman named Rafael Villani. He fell in love with a young lady, named Bianca Orsini, and ran away with and married her, despite her relatives—the great Orsini family—who opposed the match. The young couple had been married scarcely two months, when the Orsini family, through their powerful political connections, had the young husband, Count Villani, accused of treason and thrown into prison! There he remained about a year, when he managed to escape. He fled to the country villa where he had left his wife. During his imprisonment, his child—a daughter—was born. Folded in his wife's arms he was surprised by her brother, Count Orsini. A ball from the brother's pistol, intended for the husband, pierced the wife's heart. Maddened by the blood of her he loved, the husband drew his rapier, and after a short but desperate fight passed it through the lungs of the brother, wounding him mortally. Then the husband seized his child and fled. The Orsini family accused him of the murder of both the brother and the sister. A reward was set upon his head. But, from that day to this, Rafael Villani has never been discovered. Now, after this little story, don't you think that you can change your mind and give me your daughter for a wife?"

"Why should I do so?" asked Beppo, whose countenance betrayed traces of strong emotion.

"Simply that the Roman Government, even at this late day, would probably rejoice to get their hands upon the murderer, for whose arrest a thousand gold crowns were offered, and that Beppo, the organ-grinder, is the fugitive Count Rafael Villani."

"You can't prove it!" gasped Beppo.

"Yes I can," replied the Italian; "you have altered somewhat, but, there are plenty in Italy to swear to your identity, once you are there. I will give you about twenty minutes to make up your mind. Meanwhile I'll wait for you in my room, below. In twenty minutes come to me, or I'll come to you, with the officers of justice at my back." And, with a smile of triumph, the Italian left the room.

Beppo groaned aloud in agony. He felt a light pressure upon his shoulder, and, looking up, he beheld Bianca standing at his side.

He surmised that the girl knew all.

"You have overheard?" he said.

"Yes," she replied, in a firm tone; "to save your life I will become this man's wife."

"Oh, it is a terrible sacrifice!" he cried, in anguish.

"Better than to have you perish on the scaffold, father!" she said, gently.

"I have striven to hide myself—to disguise my identity—but the longing to live where I could hear the sound of my native language has given me into this man's power."

"Go, father, at once, and tell him that I consent."

With a heavy heart, Beppo departed on his errand. He descended to the floor below and knocked at the door of Giacomo's room.

A hoarse voice, that was strange to his ear, asked: "Who is there?"

"It is I, Beppo, the organ-grinder," the Italian answered.

For a moment there was silence; then the hoarse voice bade him enter.

Beppo entered the room and a strange sight met his eyes.

Four men were in the room, all in black masks, through which shone gleaming eyes. In one corner of the room was a black bundle, tied with cords, which to the fear-stricken eyes of Beppo bore a horrible resemblance to a human figure, but Giacomo was not to be seen.

"Welcome," said one of the masked figures, who was evidently the chief of the four. "You have come timely. We need a judge and you shall fill the office. You are an Italian, and love your country; therefore you can easily do justice."

"But, sir—" cried Beppo, in alarm.

"Do not speak, but listen," said the masked man. "One day, in an Italian city, some hundred brave hearts assembled together and bound themselves by fearful oaths to free their country from the rule of the tyrant. They took the oath of the Carbonari—of that secret society, that, springing from the charcoal-burners of the forest, has made the thrones of Europe quake with fear. One of these hundred men was a traitor. False to the oath that he swore, he betrayed his brothers, gave them to the scaffold and the ax. Their warm young blood reddens his hands. What should be his fate?"

"Death!" answered Beppo, firmly. "He was a true Italian."

"Good!" cried the masked man, while a stifled groan came from the black bundle bound with cords. "Count Rafael Villani, you can return to Italy; the State at last has done you tardy justice and pardoned you. Here is your pardon," and the Mask gave Beppo the paper that was stamped with the broad Papal seal. "A knave was intrusted

with it to bear across the sea, and discover your abode. He concealed this knowledge from you and sought to marry your daughter, so as to inherit your estate now restored to you. A second time he played the traitor. But the strong arm of the Carbonari has struck him. Some of the hundred who were betrayed by this hound, escaped the slaughter, and found safety beneath the eagle's wing. The traitor was recognized, tracked, and now his fate is sealed. Go; and in Italy do not forget, if the time ever comes when you can help a patriot, whose only fault is love for his native land, that the Carbonari helped you in a far-off clime."

Beppo left the room.

The next morning, in his room, the dead body of Giacomo, the pretended image-maker, was found. But a single wound was on the body—a single stab through the heart.

Count Rafael Villani and his daughter Bianca returned to Italy, and again took possession of the estate that had so long been kept from them; and few of the American visitors in Rome who partake of the splendid hospitality of Count Rafael, would believe that their host had once been known in New York City as Beppo, the organ-grinder.

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There are few, either men or women, who can resist flattery, if it come clothed in the semblance of truth; and as Henry Clinton's cheek returned to the support of the cushion, there was a flush upon it, that told of the relief to the bitterness of his spirit.

Still further to relieve him his counselor continued:

"For my part, I don't see why you should be in such despair. If Ysabel has taken the black vail, it doesn't follow that she should forever wear it. I'm not much acquainted with convent customs; but there may be ways of obtaining a divorce from this marriage, as they call it, of to-day."

Jerome, you shock me!" cried Clinton, this time rising to his feet, "you shock or pain me. You know that I've been brought up in a strict observance of religion; and though not that of Rome, there are thoughts alike sacred to all creeds."

"You mistake me, Clinton. I had no intention in what I said either to shock or pain you. And though I may have clothed my thoughts in rather queer language—I admit having done so—it was because I wish to talk common-sense. Listen till I explain it."

The owner of the yacht sunk back upon his couch, without saying a word, and in a way that signified his willingness to hear the explanation.

"Of course," continued his friend, "as I've told you, I know very little about nuns or numeraries, even less than yourself, and still less about those in Roman Catholic countries. If Ysabel Vallejo were immured in a New York convent—St. Vincent's or the Sacred Heart, for instance—and under like circumstances, there would be no great difficulty in getting her out, I should think—that is, now. In times to come it may not be so easy, if we Americans do not take strong steps against this new Jesuitism that, sent from Rome, and secretly supported by all the crowned heads of Europe, threatens to pull the pillars of our Republic. Excuse me, Clinton; I know you are not in a mood to talk politics; but frivolous as you may think me, I am an American, and I hope a loyal one, can not help giving expression to a thought suggested by present circumstances. To you there is a more important

trifled with thoughts more powerful than my own—affections far truer. I have trampled upon the delicate chain that bound out two hearts together. Oh God! I may have severed its links, never again to be united."

"Romantic talk, Clinton! Nor you, nor any other man, can sever the links of that chain. Nor can any power upon earth destroy it. If I'm to judge by my experience, the more you tread upon, the stronger it becomes. The very fact of Ysabel Vallejo having forsaken the world, and its pleasures—such pleasures, too—solely because she could not enjoy them with you, should not this satisfy you? Come, Clinton! it's no use talking high sentiment any longer. Let us descend to the common-sense of everyday life. You want your sweetheart out of the conventional clutch. No doubt it would be easy enough, if she were only a poor girl, with no expectations. But these cunning disciples of Loyola look to Madame Vallejo, who, although an American, appears to have become one of their most devoted adherents. Last time I saw her she talked crazy on the subject, trying to convert me—me! They are looking to her last will and testament, by which they hope to wheedle her out of her great wealth; for this is the grand secret of their growth and strength. It is the only thing to fear. But half a million of dollars, adroitly spent, may thwart their design, and not only bring her daughter back to the world, but save the senora herself from being plundered."

"Dear, dear friend! You speak words of comfort."

"And I shall do a deed to comfort you, Harry. I have already done one that has given you much misery. True it was against my own will, and counsel too. No use talking of it now. I must try to repair the loss, by showing like energy in contributing to your happiness. In this I think I shall succeed; but, as I've told you, Clinton, it is a question of expense."

"Expense! Jerome, don't talk of that."

Take this check-book on the Bank of Havana. It gives me credit for a million of dollars.

I endorse you as drawer. If this is not enough, I can contrive to double the amount—ay, treble it, to exchange one

for another."

"Expense! Jerome, don't talk of that."

As Clinton spoke, he plucked a pen from its inkstand, and wrote on the check-book the transference of his authority to the name,

"JEROME VAN VLIET."

Henry at last turned his head out of the window at the scene of the interview.

"Pues, señor!" he said, "I can not help pitying that poor young nina. She looked so sad. I'm good as sure she wasn't consenting to it. That is often the case you know. The padres get round the mothers, and wheedle them out of their daughters; but only the rich ones. They don't care for muchacha pobres; for that wouldn't bring much meat to their mill. *Casita!* I wouldn't wonder if it was all the señora's doing."

"What!" said Van Vliet, who up to this time had paid little heed to what the comisario was saying. "Do you think the young lady's mother put any pressure upon her to take this step?"

"Well, cavallero, I couldn't say that certain. You are no doubt a friend of the family, and know better than I. I only speak from report. Every one knows that the Señora Vallejo is terribly apadrinada."

"Under the influence of the priests, you mean?"

"Por Dios; so people say, señor. As for the nina herself there were scores of our best young men who'd have given half their lives for a smile of her sweet lips. But she only cared for her sweetheart who perished at sea, and that's why she's consented to be locked up in the gloomy *barroco*. So people say, though it mightn't be for all that, señor. There's more than one pretty muchacha in there who'd be glad to get out again; for I've heard as much from the gate-keeper of the convent, who is my grand-uncle. *Carrasco!* if it were sweetheart or sister of mine, and I thought she didn't like it, I'd have her out if it brought me to the garrote."

"Have her out!" repeated Van Vliet, looking askance at the comisario, and with an air that bespoke keen interest in what the man had said. "You are jesting, my man!"

"No, señor; I'm in earnest. Who wouldn't be, to think of a beautiful young girl and innocent as a dove shut up all her life in a dull cage like that. *Carras!* The thought's enough to take the merriment out of a mountebank."

"But you talk of taking a sum out of a convent! Isn't that a jest? Why the governor-general couldn't do it."

"Maybe not, señor; but for all that, I know a poor street comisario who could. As for the Señora Vallejo, her being shut up is no affair of mine. But here we are; where I promised to bring you. That is her mother's house."

They had stopped in front of a handsome mansion, standing a little retired from the street, and shaded with tropical shrubbery—through which could be seen a grand doorway, with the door close shut.

"The casa Vallejo," said the guide, pointing to it. "Do you dismiss me here, señor? Or shall I wait till you come out? You may wish to see other sights of our beautiful city?"

"No mockery, madame. The story of Henry Clinton's death proves to have been a mistake—a mere *cavard*, such as often makes its way into the newspapers—French as well as American. I know that my friend is still alive. I have seen him within the hour."

"He is here then?"

"He is."

"Oh! my daughter—my poor Ysabel!"

"What of her? I hope no misfortune has happened. She still lives?"

"No, no! she is dead! She has become the inmate of a convent. She has this day been dedicated!"

"Senora! it is sinful of you to speak thus!" interposed the priest, gliding out from the shadowy chamber where he had ensconced himself to listen. "Our Holy Church is scandalized by such talk. In the discharge of my duty I can not stay here and listen to it!"

"Does any one hinder you from withdrawing?" inquired Van Vliet, returning the scowl with which the ecclesiastic regarded him.

"Oh Mr. Van Vliet!" cried the senora, seeming all at once overcome with fear. "Do not speak thus to the worthy *cura* of St. Ignacio. He is my confessor."

"Cacálero!" said the priest, in a tone of insolent authority, "you appear to be intruding upon this gentle lady. And as it is a question of our Holy Faith, I must insist on your withdrawing."

Van Vliet looked astounded; then toward Madame Vallejo, once his acquaintance, though never upon terms of intimacy. Was he to go or stay? He could see no sign to direct him.

As if under some fear, or fascination, the features of the lady remained perfectly immobile. But this was enough to determine him; and, bowing himself out of her presence, he disappeared down the shadowy *sguano*, leaving the weak woman in the hands of her spiritual adviser.

On the street he rejoined Cristóforo Culares; and before parting with the guide he gave him good reasons for meeting him again.

Reader, has it ever been your opportunity to peep into the cloister cell of a convent? I fancy not. It is a privilege accorded to but few men—even those wearing the sacerdotal robe on their shoulders.

And yet has it been mine—scores of times—for reasons it is not necessary to tell you of. But I may describe to you one of those quaint little chambers, shut in between massive walls; not even ornamented with paper, but plainly plastered, scarce eight feet square, with a little white counterpaned cot in the corner, on which sleeps virginity itself; here and there a niche containing the statue of saint, or crucified Savior; a single chair; a miniature table, on which lies the bit of unfinished embroidery, intended for the decoration of some monastic vestment; all lit up by a little window, admitting only a subdued light, and more resembling the embers intended for a piece of ordnance.

Within such a convent chamber, and in just such a light, a nun is seated. She is young, and despite the sad expression upon her face, exquisitely beautiful. There is a slight tinge of red upon her cheeks, relieving their general pallor. It is the same she wore before the altar, where on that morning she has been made a bride. It is like the last roseate touch of the sun, lingering on the summit of some snow-crowned mountain, when gone leaving all cold behind it; for it was a bridal in which her heart had no happiness. It only recalled the thoughts of another bridal more consonant with her inclinations, that might have taken place about, that very time, but for the cruel chance that despoiled her of him who should have been the bridegroom.

As Sister Dolores—for such was now the name of Ysabel Vallejo—sat in her silent cloister—for the time forsaken by the novitiates who had acted as her tiringmaids—who could blame her for reflecting on the past, happy as sad—who chide her for thinking of that great gay city of the North? There the whole sunlight of her life seemed to concentrate in a flood of soft, ethereal light—the light of her only love!

She did think of it; and them as if awed at thus permitting mortal thoughts to intrude upon the pure spiritual existence to which she had that day vowed devotion, she sunk repentant upon her knees, and poured forth her soul in prayer.

As she rose to her feet and stood erect in her little chamber, she felt resigned to her new life. Nothing now remained but to devote herself to its tranquil duties. Such was the reflection that passed through her mind.

How little knew we what is before us! Little thought Sister Dolores, as she rose from her attitude of prayer, that in five minutes afterward a passion would be rekindled within her breast, making the walls of that sacred cloister hideous in her sight, as though they were the surroundings of a convict cell!

She fancied she was dreaming, as a piece of white paper, folded in the form of a note, came swishing through the window, and fell at her feet on the floor.

It seemed but the continuance of a dream as she mechanically took it up, and, unfolding it, read what was written inside.

"YSABEL! You believe me dead. Would that it were so! After what I have this day seen—for I was present at the closing scene of the ceremony—death has now no terrors for me. Nay, it would be but a relief; and I shall seek that end by whatever moral

means it can be soonest achieved. I pray that we may meet in another world; but, before leaving this, I ask of you one word—a sign—to say that you still love me, as I you. I know how I have sinned, in leaving you as I did; but, oh, Ysabel! if you knew how I have suffered, you could not but forgive me. And you will not deny me this last asking. It is no sin for you to grant it, since the love between us had no antagonism with that now bestowed upon your Savior. No, Ysabel! Whatever your spiritual advisers may tell you, the two are compatible; for our love was pure as that of the angels. Speak, then, loved and lost one—speak without fear!" Be silent, and I go to my grave with the darkest sorrow that ever sat upon a broken heart."

"HENRY CLINTON."

Long before the new-made nun had finished the reading of this strange epistle, her trembling limbs refused to sustain her, and she sank upon the side of her couch.

As she reached the conclusion, and the well-remembered autograph came under her eyes, the note fell from her hands, both becoming clasped over her breast, as if to prevent her heart from bursting forth!

For some time she sat thus, her heart's quick, heavy throbings being the only sounds heard within the cloister. And after these had ceased to stammer her breath, she repeated, in low, murmured words:

"Mother of God! He is still alive! And still loves me!"

Who could blame her for once more taking into her hands the precious sheet, once more reading what was written upon it, and then placing her lips in contact with the name sursigned? Not even the Virgin herself, who seemed out of her niche to look approvingly upon the act!

For the third time going over the glad words, as if to fix them forever in her memory, she saw something that caused her to start—giving her hope of still further gratification. It was one little word, traced at the corner of the page, and in pencil: "over."

She understood its significance, and quickly turned the leaf.

On the other side, written also in pencil, she read:

"SENRITA VALLEJO! You will remember me as the friend of Henry Clinton. I am his bosom friend, and he has intrusted me with the delivery of this note. He who places it in your hands will be near to bring back an answer. If you but knew how he suffers who sent it, you would, I know, make that answer soothing. I am myself only what is called a man of the world. Still am I capable of sincere friendships. One of these embraces Henry Clinton and yourself. Armed with good intentions toward both, I approach you with a counsel, that I hope you will not hastily reject. You have been shut up in a convent, if not against your will, certainly by a mistake in the intention. It is not yet too late to rectify it; and if you do not, you will have the life of Henry Clinton to answer for. He cares not to live without you, for without you life to him would be worse than death. With you his happiness on earth would be complete. And say, would not also yours? For both your sakes, I have contrived a plan for your escape from this prison. From the vow you have taken it is still easier. It was made under a misconception; and God, if not man, will surely absolve you. Fear not, then, to follow my advice. Consent to save the life of your lover, and my friend. Say but the word, and the way will be made open and easy. He who writes to you holds in his hand the key of this convent."

"JEROME VAN VLIET."

Never in her life was there so wild a struggle in the breast of Ysabel Vallejo.

It was a strife between two loves having little affinity with each other—the love of God,

and the love of man!

Had they been antagonistic, the former might have triumphed. They were not; and the latter gained ascendancy.

With trembling fingers, the new-made nun tore off the leaf written in pencil, and with a pencil of her own wrote on the only white space left:

"I consent!"

She stepped forward, and looked out through the little window. There was a man sauntering outside, whom she recognized as the gate-keeper of the convent.

His eyes, glancing furtively toward her cloister, told why he was there, plain as words could have spoken it.

The twisted scrap fell upon the flags at his feet. She who tossed it through the bars did not wait to see whether he had taken it up. As he did so, she was upon her knees before the image of the Madonna, her heart full of conflicting emotions—a feeling of guilt and fear struggling against one of penitence and prayer!

Though the convent of Santa Catalina fronts on the public street, it has another entrance at the back, opening upon a wide space, embowered under a thick canopy of the most beautiful trees known to the vegetation of the tropics. It is the convent garden—the only spot upon earth where the fair recluses are permitted to gaze upon the bright world of Nature—separated from that of busy life by a high wall running along the rear. Through this wall is a wicket leading into the quiet back street, with a strong, iron-clasped door, rarely seen open.

It was opened on the night of that day, on which Ysabel Vallejo assumed the black veil. So quietly and stealthily, however, that only three individuals saw it turn upon its hinges. One of these was seated upon the box of a carriage drawn up under the shadow of the street trees. Any one near enough to penetrate the obscurity that shrouded him might have seen that he was not a regular cocher, but the guide, Cristóforo Culares.

The other two, who had unlocked the wicket, with what must have been its own

key, were Henry Clinton and his friend, Jerome Van Vliet—though both were wrapped in cloaks, Havana fashion, and otherwise habited as Havaneiros. They had just stepped out of the carriage left in charge of the comisario.

It wants still some minutes of midnight; and once inside the garden they close the door silently behind them. Keeping within the shadow of the shrubbery they approach the back of the building, with as much stealth as if they were bent upon an errand of crime. They take no heed of the sweet strain of the mock-bird poured forth from the top of the royal palm; though it helps to conceal the noise of their own footsteps. They chafe at the clear tropic moonlight, while it guides them to the place they are seeking to reach.

This is the *escalera*—a stone stairway which continues the long corridor of the convent down into the garden.

They discover it at length; and take stand by the bottom step—still keeping under shadow, with eyes fixed upon the massive door, at the stair-head. It is closed; looks dark and forbidding; but they have hopes to see it open, else they would not have been there. They seem to be awaiting a signal.

It is at length given by the heavy concert bell, beginning to toll; the hour of twelve.

Its first knell has silenced the song of the nightingale; but almost at the same instant, their ears are saluted by a sound more welcome, if less melodious. It is a slight grating, heard as the heavy door is drawn inward on its hinges; and then presenting itself in the moonlight appears a face encased in black crepe, but white, soft, and beautiful as might be the daughter of Luna herself.

Henry Clinton, recognizing the face of his beloved Ysabel, can scarce restrain himself from rushing up the steps and flinging his arms around her. He is held back by Van Vliet, who perceives the danger of such a rash act; and they wait for her to descend.

She glides down silently, but without fear. Nor is she terrified, when on reaching the last step, a cloaked form comes out from the shadow of the trees, with arms stretched forward to receive her.

She does not shun the embrace; for she knows they are the arms of her one and only lover.

But a whisper is exchanged between them—only the words "Henry—Ysabel."

In another instant his clasp is around her, and he raises her from the ground with the strength of a tiger, but tenderly kissing as he carries her away.

The wicket is cleared, and reclosed by the thoughtful Van Vliet; for a few seconds the wheels of a carriage are heard rattling along the street; the huge clock-bell has ceased its lugubrious tolling; and the mock-bird is once more filling the convent garden with his sweet mimic song.

A boat is crossing the harbor of Havana toward a yacht anchored far out. It is about an hour after midnight; but before the morning light has succeeded that of the moon, the yacht silently takes up its anchor. Then, with all sail set, it sweeps past the frowning walls of El Moro, and is seen standing toward the shores of a land, where no convent walls may keep Ysabel Vallejo from the joys of the world, nor its affections.

Then his love found utterance in words;

words so burning, thrilling, and so eloquent that Agatha covered under them; her face pale, and a sad, wistful look in her eyes. At length he paused, and begged her answer.

"John, I did not know this was coming,

or I should have stopped it at any cost.

I thought you only loved me as a sister, for I heard you tell aunt so. I pity you, but I can not be your wife. Perhaps had—but no, it is idle to think of what might have been!" she murmured, without looking at the bowed form that sat at her feet.

"John, my friend, let me tell you a little story.

"There was once an old silvery-haired man, who had one child, a daughter. He was an invalid, and his only joy was in this girl. He educated her himself, and the bond of love was strong and deep between them. After a time the father's illness increased, and he was lying very low, when his nephew came, the child of his dearest sister. The nephew stayed at the hall, and as he was kind and noble-hearted, it is a wonder that he made a deep impression upon the simple maiden's heart?

A change came at length, and the father knew that he must die. He called his child and nephew to his bedside, and asked them to love one another. 'With all my heart!' replied the man; the girl did not answer. She could not, for weeping; then he said:

"Howard, what can I do with you?"

"God deal with you." Be kind to her; she knows not the meaning of a harsh word.

My child, he will be your only protector when I am gone. Promise me you will marry him."

"John, what could I say? I loyed my father, God alone knows how tenderly, and it seemed as though he was speaking from the grave. So I promised, and now Howard Bayne is my affianced husband."

A low groan was the only response, as the powerful form trembled and quivered as it lay upon the ground. Then he raised his head and spoke.

"Agatha, I thank you. Will you wait

me here a little while? I must be alone

before I can meet that gay, happy crowd, yonder," and he strode away.

She watched him until his form disappeared among the forest trees. Then she walked down the little sandy strip, entering the skiff and sat down. It was worm-eaten, the cracks wide and numerous, but she saw not them. Her feet rested upon a block of wood that lay in the bottom. A low cry broke from her lips as she bowed her head upon her knees. She did not know that the boat was slowly slipping from the sand-bar into deeper water. Her sobs drowned the little gurgle of water as it poured through the cracks and seams. She did not feel the motion as the boat slid from shore and began to float down-stream. The water, cold and death-like, slowly crept up the sides of the treacherous skiff until it touched her feet. She revived with a start, and as the boat now rushed into the swift current, she realized her peril and shrieked aloud, in terror.

"Oh, John, John, help! Save me!"

She is heard, and a tall form dashes madly down the bank, and bounds far out into the stream, and then reaches the fast-sinking boat. He climbs in at the stern, and grasping the paddle, drops his hat into Agatha's lap. She understands the motion and begins bafing out the water. He dips the paddle deep and strongly, and heads the boat toward the landing. Well he knows that there is not one spot but that, where a human person could get in shore; but the current is strong and very swift. Great beads of sweat stand upon his brow, and the muscles of his arm nearly burst the coat-sleeve. A cry from Agatha startles him, and he looks, only to see a stream of water, thick as his arm, spouting into the boat. He knows that all is in vain and, and tears off his coat, vest and boots; then he straps his suspenders tightly about his waist. The boat gives one horrible plunge, and it has gone forever!

John grasps Agatha with one hand while the other places the paddle in her hand, then, with the other end grasped between his teeth, he strikes out for shore. The current is less swift there, and their fate would be delayed. Only delayed; for he well knew that a cat could scarcely scale the bank, that was unbroken to the falls. The water, too, was very deep, at its foot, far beyond human reach. But there was one chance, and John knew that if his strength did not fail, that one life might be preserved.

He glanced back at Agatha, drawing her toward him by the paddle and securely knotting one end of her light shawl around her waist. Then they floated on until the point was reached, only a few hundred yards from the fall. The water set around this point with great power, throwing its main force toward the other shore. It was a terrible struggle, but then he gained the shrub that overhung the water, and to it tied the loose end of the shawl. He did not speak, but pressed kiss upon her pallid lips, and then floated away. The bush would not support them both.

"John, what do you mean? The bush will support two! Come back, John, or let me die with you! John, I love you! I love you!" she shrieked, as she beheld the form of her preserver floating onward to certain death.

She watched him with eager, longing eyes; she saw him raise his clasped hands, heard the words:

"God bless and save you, Agatha!" faintly came to her ears above the din of the cataract, and then he disappeared from her sight forever! She gave one low wail and swooned.

Agatha knew no more for weeks, until she awoke from the brain fever that had set in. They had found and rescued her after a long search; but the body of John Stephens was never recovered. Agatha told Howard Bayne all, and he offered to release her from her promise, but she knew how dearly he loved her, and they were married.

She respects her husband, but there is a niche in her heart, a place in her memory that he can never fill; that contains the form of the noble, true-hearted man who gave his life to preserve hers.

## Cruiser Crusoe:

### LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

#### NUMBER FOURTEEN.

The concussion would have knocked me off my bough, had not my back been to the trunk, while my feet were firmly implanted on another branch.

With eager haste I looked down. The

tion of her head in my direction made me suspect this. But I kept as still as death, except that I cautiously and noiselessly loaded my gun. Then, to my amazement, the Fan Indians rose to their feet in a slow, quiet, humble way, and with many an obeisance and bow, approached the girl.

They halted several times, singing in a chanting and monotonous way, some deprecatory song, and casting fearful glances at the motionless dead body, for this man had died without a struggle. Then one or two of the number advanced and loosened the young girl, who appeared to take this treatment as a matter of course.

These savages have a great belief in witches and sorcerers, as a kind of medicine-men. They have no mercy upon the former, and whenever an apparently healthy person dies, are sure to search out the evil-doers. The doctor, or sorcerer, is generally selected to nominate the guilty, which he no sooner does than the whole tribe is rapt in an indescribable fury and horrid thirst for human blood. No sooner are the wretched women, generally young and pretty ones, pointed out, than they are dragged down to a river, placed in a canoe, hacked to pieces, and cast into the river.

But not so the sorcerer. He is looked up to, feared and respected. No doubt, despite the fact that in this case it was a woman, the marvellous display of power on the part of one so young and fair, had gone far to convince the ignorant and savage cannibals that they were in the power of a Great Medicine.

They led her into the midst, quite free now from all shackles, their air being one of singular admiration and awe. She stood, evidently half-amused and half-frightened, but quite anxious I am sure to escape their clutches. But this was out of the question, as they were evidently resolved to treat her now with as much deference and respect as hitherto they had been cruel.

For myself nothing had been gained, but on the other hand, her dear life was safe, and that was worth any thing else. After awhile, not one having dared to touch or raise the body, they seemed to take counsel of her, but she shook her head and turned away with disgust. Had the wretches proposed to eat him?

The savages, who were quite humbled now, bowed their assent, and when she made signs that they should return to the camp, readily obeyed. But they now walked slowly and gravely, with measured step, allowing her precedence, which she accepted in a very pretty and taking way. As soon as it was safe, I slid from the tree, and though the wear and tear of the last three days had nearly exhausted my physical energies, made after them again.

They were now evidently thoughtful. These twenty warriors had seen the effect and heard the report of my gun—but how were they to explain the matter to their fellows? Probably they were familiar enough with words that expressed such meanings as thunder, lightning and thunderbolts, but what credit could they expect to obtain from those to whom they asserted that such was the agency which had been miraculously employed to save her?

Besides, there were the deaths of two warriors to account for, and should any of the party have seen me, their suspicions would be aroused, and my supernatural character would not stand the least examination. Savages may be duped to a certain extent, but their natural cunning and intelligence soon comes to their assistance. My appearance and costume must soon have opened their eyes.

Soon the savages, behind whom I kept at a safe and cautious distance, came within sight of their camp, and up rose the whole of the rest of the party to meet them. They were struck dumb with mingled astonishment and rage, when they saw the girl walking freely in the midst of the others, and some even poised their spears and felt for their arrows, preparatory to executing summary vengeance on the runaway. But the returning warriors gravely interfered, and began an explanation of what had happened.

Young and old warriors and chiefs, had been crowding round, the girl with terrible and menacing looks when the narrative began. One of the warriors spoke energetically and loudly. Some of the listeners shook their heads with an incredulous smile, and I could see that two parties were forming, one in favor of the girl, the other against her, in which case the matter would finally be settled by an appeal to arms.

I again, in my impetuous way, had forced myself up, as near the camp as I dared, screening myself behind bushes. The Indians had their backs turned to me. On a bough of a tree above where she stood, sat an old vulture watching the scene. Evidently the savages had been feasting, and this unclean beast was waiting to clear up the offal and other remains of their meal.

Keeping my eyes steadily for a moment on the whole group, and taking exactly the right opportunity, I fired, and shot the bird, which fell at the feet of the young girl. The whole terrified and affrighted group at once fell upon their knees, and the triumph of the girl was complete.

The savages, however, were not blind to their own interests, nor were they inclined to part with one whose power was so great. Little did I imagine the use they would require her to put it to. After some hasty refreshments of meat and what I afterward found to be palm wine, the whole body started in an easterly direction. It was

clear that she made a faint resistance. But this they would not listen to, for though their awe still continued, it did not make them any the less taskmasters or tyrants!

Again the greater part of them availed themselves of certain logs of wood, of a nature peculiarly fitted for canoe-building, to make their way up the river. It was clear that this was done for the sake of the wood itself partly, and then, to avoid the jungle and forests on its banks. I was compelled to keep them in sight, to use my utmost vigilance, especially while the banks were composed of the usual mangrove swamps. Then the bank became higher and clearer, until it spread out into a kind of lake with very low marshy banks and no wood. As far as the eye could reach, the country was composed of vast fields of reeds and other water weeds, while there was scarcely any current, and the water was turbid and unpleasant to the smell.

Here the savages halted so suddenly, that I had scarcely time to bob down into the water and conceal myself behind a log, to escape detection.

It was now night. The firefly began to sparkle in the gloom, the mosquito to buzz and bite, and the thousand and one mysterious noises of the shore and water to rise on all sides. There was a faint crepuscular light, such as in the tropics is apt immediately to succeed day, during which the landscape assumes an aspect of most enchanting but somewhat cold beauty. The gray, hard, granite sky, the turbid water, the waving reeds, and here and there a stunted tree, made up a landscape of wild and mysterious beauty.

The negroes, who probably were ac-

quainted with this river, selected a narrow

slip of land, not above a foot out of the

water, for their camp, and proceeded to

erect some sort of hut for the girl, whom I

could see walking about and casting her

eyes into the gloom. She was doubtless

looking for me, and hoping yet that I might

save her from a degrading slavery, which

would probably end in her being sent to a

barracoon and transferred to the Western

Plantations.

Now, my wish was nothing more than to

aid in her escape, but how it was to be

brought about, it was more difficult than

ever to say. The Fans were fully aware

that she would escape if she could, so kept

a strict watch over her. She appeared to

me like some queens and kings of savage

nations, which are petted up and kept in

splendid palaces, but never allowed to come

forth in the light of day or see the blessed

sun.

Communicate with her I could not, without showing myself to the savages. At least, such was my fear and dread at the moment. Where I had halted in my mad pursuit of the poor girl, I was about up to my middle in thick, muddy water, while a log had floated and then become fixed, formed a breastwork.

The log, or snag, as such impediments to navigation are technically called, was indeed a miserable place to pass a night on. But there was no help for it. On every side but that on which the negroes had pitched their tents, I could see nothing but reeds and water—the abode, to a certainty, of crocodiles, of which animals I had a most abhorrent aversion.

Crawling on to the log, which, in its highest part, was not a foot out of the water, I lay at full length, hiding my gun; lest a flash of the coming moonbeams might betray me. In this position, as my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, I could see the negroes were busy at some preparation, but for some time I could not tell what it meant. Then some men began wading into the water in my direction, with great harpoons in their hands, and I knew that they were going to harpoon the crocodiles, the flesh of which all these coarse and powerful races much admire. My heart beat wildly. I was not more than thirty yards from the sandbank on which they were encamped, so that, did they make a move close to my log, I must be discovered.

I had two pistols and my gun, so determined, if it came to a tussle, to make a dash for the bank, firing right and left, and thus inducing the savages to flee, while I gained possession of the Indian girl.

The savages moved slowly, some with lances, others with harpoons. Then came a whizzing sound, and a prodigious fellow began kicking and plunging to gain deep water, where he would have been inevitably lost.

But the negroes were too much for him, and after a few final kicks it was drawn ashore, dead. A loud shout proclaimed their success, after which, in a very few minutes, a bright blaze, ascending to the heavens, indicated that they were about to have a feast. Never, anywhere, on land or sea, had I witnessed a more picturesque grouping than that of those black savages in the midst of that watery plain.

The moment the fire blazed up, all the surrounding landscape fell into a darkness that resembled ebony, except that, at a distance from the fire, could be glimpses of light on the edge of the horizon, as if the moon were sending forth harbingers of its arrival. Then, for a space of some twenty yards or so, the atmosphere glowed with a ruddy and lurid glare, just as the smoke and flame got the mastery.

By the warm and not-unwelcome blaze—fire is always a companion—the figures of the half-naked savages looked gigantic, while she, who only occasionally appeared, looked a form of fairy-like proportions alongside their huge painted bodies.

Presently several of the savages started up. I was very nearly doing the same, for close to me I heard a snorting and splashing. My good genius, however, enabled me to lie still, for I at once knew that I was in the very midst of a herd of hippopotami, having before heard their snort-like roars breaking the still night air. I peered round and found that they were to windward of me, standing on the shallows, and looking like so many old weather-beaten logs, stranded on a sandbar. Very little more could be seen their ugly noses. I lay myself with a clutched and cocked pistol in my hand, for the savages were up, and evidently prepared for sport, though it was almost impossible for them ever to catch these animals, even in pitfalls.

It is a most clumsily-built, unwieldy animal, remarkable chiefly for its enormous head, and disproportionately short legs. Its feet are constructed so as to facilitate their walking among the reeds and mud, as well as for swimming. The hoof is divided into four short, apparently clumsy and unconnected toes, by means of which they walk rapidly, even on mud. They have huge, crooked tusks, with which to hook up the long river grasses. They go in droves in places where their bodies are submerged, and yet they can touch the ground. Their food is entirely vegetable.

Presently the negroes came down to the water's edge, just as a sudden groan was heard close to me, and peering into the half-light, I saw, dimly, a huge animal, looking doubly monstrous in the uncertain light. Some fifty negroes now advanced, brandishing their spears, and when they were close enough, actually throwing them at the beast, which, except that it annoyed him, felt no more than I should the prick of a pin.

But he was irritated, and, suddenly putting out his great speed, he flew at the negroes in a savage and angry way, which boded no good. With loud and hideous yells, the savages fled, for they knew the danger; this animal, when savage, often killing his persecutors. His bulk causes neither rocks, nor bushes, nor swamps, to be any impediment to him, so that, in this case, he went direct at the island.

Then I saw her stand alone, after every negro had disappeared, hiding in the water, or lying down, or skulking somewhere in front of the fire, right in the brute's way. My hand shook convulsively, as I caught up my gun, leaped into the water, took aim at the ear of the huge brute, and fired. With a hoarse groan, or, rather, grunt, it stood still, and then fell down dead.

I stooped low, but still in a position to see all. She had not moved. There she was, with clasped hands and upraised eyes, perfectly certain—it must be so—who had saved her. So completely had the negroes vanished, that my impulse was to make a push for her. Luckily, the resolution was not carried out, for in another moment heads peered up on all sides, until, perceiving the hippopotamus motionless, they ventured to approach it.

Their astonishment and delight seemed to know no bounds, as probably they never had seen any killed, save some little thing with a harpoon, though some of the savages do kill them by means of great, heavy weights attached to cords in trees. It is no wonder that the negroes should be anxious to capture them, as the meat, though coarse-grained, and not fat, does not taste unlike beef, and is to the hunter a most welcome and wholesome dish.

But the way in which the negroes danced, clapped, and yet, every now and then, glanced round with awe and terror, was perfectly ludicrous. They did not actually know whether to give way to joy or sorrow; while every now and then they would turn and worship the Indian girl in the most absurd manner, clasping their hands, kneeling, and offering her tit-bits. But at length pleasure carried the day, and, setting to work, they skinned their rare prize, and began to eat.

I, all the while, lay ahungered and athirst on a log, not daring to move, scarcely even venturing to breathe.

### Skipping Fawn;

### or, The Indian Lover's Stratagem.

BY LEWIS GARDNER.

"WHERE'S Puss, Sophia?"

It was a cheery voice that asked the question. Its owner, a pale, elderly man, had just come out and seated himself beside the door opposite his wife, who was engaged on some light sewing. A pleasant scene was before them. The clearing, extending with gentle slope toward the west, a deep forest stretching away toward the right, and the slanting sunbeams casting a variegated light through the leafy branches as they fell, with mellow radiance, across the floor of the backwoods piazza.

"Carrie? She has gone to the knoll to see if she can discover anything of her brother. Isn't it about time he were back on the hill, husband?"

"I suppose so, unless he found our bridge

gone he would go three miles further up, to try Whalon's. I hardly think that would give way."

"Then he won't be back till dark, perhaps later?"

"Probably not, but you aren't going to feel uneasy about our infant, are you?"

And Humphrey Whiteside's cheery voice broke into a laugh as he asked the question—a laugh that was full of assurance and pride. For the "infant" referred to was an only son, a young man of nineteen, five feet eleven in his stockings, agile as a cat, and brave as a lion.

Good reason had the father to be proud of such a son, for he was all a father's heart could desire. And the same may be said of his family—wife, son, and daughter.

The crash of 1837 had found Humphrey Whiteside, the once prosperous merchant, a ruined man in the city of St. Louis.

Out of the wreck of his fortune a few hundred dollars were saved, and with this, at the instigation of his wife and children, he had removed "West," and commenced the life of a settler.

The prospect of speedy independence, and a natural love of the new and romantic in the bosom of his family, had been the ruling motives that induced the step. And never had he regretted it, for, assisted by the willing spirits and hands of those dear to him, his hopes had been more than realized.

The region in which he had settled was among the best along the frontier, and though yet sparsely inhabited, bade fair to become in time the nucleus for a thriving town or city.

All things considered, then, Humphrey Whiteside had reason to feel contented, and the pride with which he referred to his "infant" was not a false one.

"N—no; uneasy, only I was thinking

of that Carrie!"

"She vowed and declared she'd be mine,

She said that she loved me best of any,

But oh, the fickle, faithless queen,

She's ta'en the Carl an' left her Johnnie."

A rich, clear voice, whose bird-like notes echoed sweetly between forest and dwelling, chirruped the above refrain, and next moment the "Puss" already mentioned came around the angle of the house, whirling herself to a seat on the piazza floor, at the feet of her mother. Dark, hazel eyes, beaming with spirit and intelligence; a beautifully rounded form, tall and graceful, while an arch expression on the lovely health-flushed face attested the existence of that "mischief" of which her father had spoken.

"Oh yes—yes!" he said before she was fairly seated. "She vowed and declared—exactly; but why didn't you change the gender a trifle and sing 'He vowed?' and all that! Now own up, Miss Puss, that you've been looking more for him than for your brother!"

"Looking for him!" exclaimed the young forest-beauty with a slight arch of brows.

"Why, Pa Whiteside, how you talk! I don't expect him twice a day, do I? No, indeed! Mr. Straight Oak paid his gallant devoirs only this forenoon and has too much sense to visit me again so soon. Skipping Fawn has spoken."

Nothing could exceed the droll gravity of Carrie as she sat erect, and pronounced these last words with due Indian dignity, waving her right hand as she spoke and dropping her light hat to the floor beside her.

"Take that—oh, you vixen!" cried the old gentleman, as he flung his large bandana toward her, which she adroitly dodged.

"Pretend not to understand me, will you? Just as though you hadn't got those long black tresses tied up with a ribbon, expecting—" he added, with a smile.

"Haven't I told you I didn't expect him?" quickly interrupted the young lady, with an assumed pettishness which the lively twinkle in her eyes contradicted. "But, if Straight Oak should happen to come this way, why—you know, pa, the gentleman admires red, and I surely ought to pay some deference to his taste—hadn't I, ma?"

Thus appealed to, Mrs. Whiteside, suppressing the merriment she'd caught from her husband and daughter, replied, earnestly:

"Your father and I have just been talking about the Indian, Carrie. This pleasure does no harm, but let me warn you again, child, to be very careful in your conduct toward Straight Oak. He might take a notion—"

"For my 'skulps,' as the settlers say; gracious! I wonder, now, if it wouldn't be a stroke of policy to cut off my hair, so that it shan't tempt him?" and the perverse girl put up her hand to her black, glossy tresses, gazing with assumed anxiety from mother to father.

Mr. Whiteside was not proof against the contagion of her husband's laugh, as, with another "whisp," toward the "Puss," he said:

"Yes, it would, it would, you vixen, for when that long, lank, backwoods lover of yours, Eli Whalon, comes again, I shall tell him of your flirting—"

"What, Eli—that great booby?"

journey. As he came near he paused, leaning lightly on a short spear, and glancing from Carrie to her father.

"My brother, Straight Oak, is accoutered for a journey," said Mr. Whiteside, pleasantly. "Does he start at night, or is he only on his return?"

"No; going now—very soon," replied the Indian, gravely. "But he would ask a question of Cheerheart fore go. Then say whether ever come back. Straight Oak has long looked upon the Skipping Fawn! When he goes forth she is always before his eyes. When he sleeps she is always in his dreams. His heart always beats quicker at thoughts of her and it beats quick all time. For her he would be willing to renounce his tribe, his Manitou, and only worship hers. He would build cabin, clear land, and be as her people. Straight Oak has spoken and you have heard his words!"

Here was a declaration on which they had not calculated; and mother and daughter glanced at Mr. Whiteside with anxious looks. The latter, however, did not hesitate.

"We shall always be glad to receive Straight Oak as a brother," he said, firmly. "He is always welcome here. But the Skipping Fawn has looked upon the face of one of her own race, and her heart has gone with the look. She would never consent to wed any other besides one of her own race, because she could not be happy. Straight Oak is a noted brave, bold, fearless and comely. Many an anxious maiden of his own race is waiting to become his squaw. Let him seek for a wife among them. This must be my answer."

"And the ears of Straight Oak have been open?" responded the Indian, sadly. "I would do any thing for her," glancing toward the averted face of the maiden. "But you will have spoken, and no more can Straight Oak say. Far away, amid the dangers of the hunt and war-trail, he will forget his sorrow!"

"It ought not to give you sorrow to leave what is not fitted for you, Straight Oak," added the old man. "You will be far happier mated to one of your own people."

Straight Oak answered not a word, but turning with Indian abruptness, he stalked away, and before the trio had hardly recovered from their surprise he had entered the forest.

"Why, father!" exclaimed Carrie, "is it possible?"

"Ah, ha! Puss, what d'ye think now about flirting, eh?"

"Father, mother, do you think he meditates any evil toward us—we?"

The half-hour's conversation that followed, was it needless to say, of a more serious character than heretofore. But Mr. Whiteside succeeded in reassuring his wife and daughter.

"The fellow is really love-sick—or thinks he is," said the old gentleman. "It will probably end in his going out of the region for awhile, having a glorious drunk if he can obtain the liquor, and perhaps getting knocked on the head in some wild brawl. But who's this?"

The twilight was being succeeded by the gloom of evening, and a young Indian lad, who had been seldom seen in the neighborhood, but who was nevertheless known to belong to a camp of reds a few miles away, flitted around the corner of the house.

"Ah, ha, boy, what do you want?" inquired Mr. Whiteside, as he rose and turned toward him.

"Mink Eye got fall in water—hurt, much bad!" said the lad, in broken English. "Me heard cry—him holler when see me, an say, come help 'im!"

"It's George, father!"

"Go quick, Humphrey!" interrupted the frightened mother.

But the latter had already started up, and learning where his son had met with the accident, rushed to the barn, brought out the only remaining horse, mounted and rode away like the wind.

He had been gone ten minutes when Carrie spoke to her mother, who stood anxious by her on the knoll looking off through the gloom.

"Go in, dear mother; this night-air is too chilly for you. I will watch for awhile and they'll soon be back."

Oh, Carrie, I can not remain there alone with my anxiety. How far will your father have to go?"

"It's not over two miles; but stay, I'll go for a thicker shawl for you, and we'll both watch."

She darted back, passed around to the front, and quickly procuring the shawl hurried out. At that moment a dark, athletic figure sprang toward her, her head was enveloped in the shawl as if by magic, and she felt herself raised bodily, and carried away with fleet steps, unable to utter a cry or a groan.

The maiden felt a terrible fear, but did not lose her presence of mind. Well she knew who held her. She realized that she was rapidly borne toward the woods, and that Straight Oak had plotted the whole affair, calculating to bear her forcibly away, risking all consequences of the act.

She knew when they entered the woods, and feigned to be unconscious from excessive fright. The Indian lifted her upon his horse, and in the act of springing upon the animal's back, behind her, somewhat relaxed his grasp, and with sudden desperate strength the maiden sprung from her position, and succeeded in uttering two or three shrieks.

"Just as we thought; quick, George—Mr. Whiteside—the cursed rascal shan't escape!"

The words came in ringing, excited tones, accompanied by a rush of feet, and then a pistol cracked close by, mingled with a woman's frenzied shriek.

Carrie Whiteside heard the commotion and just extricated herself from the shawl in time to see Straight Oak dart away on his horse, as another—a rifle-report, broke on the air. And the next moment found her in the arms of Eli Whalon, her father and brother standing by, and her mother rushing up with outstretched arms.

"The red devil!" muttered Eli. "Did you hit 'im, George?"

"At the worst he's only wounded. He'll get off, I think!"

The party were soon at the house, where every thing was explained. Evidently the Indian lad had been bribed by Straight Oak, for he was not seen again. Some of the tribe to which Straight Oak belonged, suspecting his intention and jealousy of his preference for a "white squaw," had hinted at the matter in a way that reached the ears of the Whalon family. And Eli, anxious for his affiance, was coming on with his brother, meeting the alarmed father in time to head off Straight Oak. The latter never visited the region again, as his tribe soon "moved on" to a new reservation. Eli and Carrie were soon after married, but the latter never forgot her Indian lover's stratagem.

## Camp-Fire Yarns.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

### Zeb Stump's Stratagem.

A TOUCH YARN OF AN OLD TEXAN HUNTER.

o' timmer to be see'd anywhar within miles o' the place. In this fence I spied a gate, jest the same as the rest o' the inclosure, only I knew it by a pair o' posts risin' a leet higher up than the fence itself.

"Torst this gate I deerecked my steps.

"That warn't a human in sight, eyther outside the fence or inside o' it. But I knew it war the slaughterin' place. I ked it when I'd got 'ithin' half a mile o' it, by the stink o' the skins.

"I foun' the gate upon the letch. It war a double one; so openin' one half I stepped inside, an' looked bout me.

"I keidn't see a critter o' any kind. Thar wa'n't the show o' livin' thing neyther 'bout the yard nor unner the shed, which last war open all roun'. It war cl'r that the inclosure war deserted.

"Zeb Stump" sez I to myself, "ye've hed yur long walk for nuthin', an' under a durned sweaty sun too. It ain't cl'r that's nobody 'bout these diggins, neyther man nor aminal, so may you turn roun' thar track back to Hewston."

"But jest as I'd made this reflexshun, a sown reeched my ears that tol' me I war unner a mistake; an' at the same time I spied four ugly varmin's, the like o' which I'd never see'd afore, tho' from what I'd heern o' em I knewed to be English bulldogs.

"They 'peared comin' right out o' the shed, an' war makin' straight torst me, that teeth stickin' outside thar lips, an' thar eyes glitterin' from four as ugly faces as ever war stopt upon the head o' canyne."

"They didn't come in in anythin' o' a run; but croachin' in, thar bellies flattened out along the groun', jest like a painter stealin' on a turkey or a deer. Fr' all that war no mistakin' that intension. It war mounten enuf by the glim o' thar eyes, an' thar angry growlin'."

"I tried coaxin', same as you'd do wi' other dogs. It wan't no use; they only growled angrier; an' thinkin' to skeer them off, I grapped up some donicks an' begun flingin' em right in thar teeth.

"It was the fooliechest thing I keid a done; for the first stone that fell among 'em set 'em stark mad; an' afore I ked throa a second, the hul four war aroun' me 'ithin' recchin' o' thir' shins.

"I hadn't a thing in my hands; for not expectin' to scare up any game, I'd kin away from the town 'ithout fetchin' my rifle along wi' me. That war a green trick, anyway, an' I war never caught in the same fix since.

"I had a boy who was all smart.

Smartness is our family failing, and is also

the only fault our neighbors could find with us, and you may believe they did a good deal of hunting around for other faults.

My wife's husband is especially smart;

but my modesty forbids me mentioning it, and my goodness is one of the family's household

and is very much respected.

I have a boy who is excessively bright, but

is not foolish enough to say so myself, and

no one ever hinted to my face that he was

not smart. His name is B. Hinde Time;

I would have named him Washington, or

Jackson, or somebody else, but I think a

child with any of those big names stands a

small chance of becoming great in turn, on

the same principle that a cannon-ball never

hits twice in the same place. I will give you

the first letter he ever wrote, and which ill-

ustrates all that I have said or can say:

New York. April-fool Teenth, Steen

hundred and 7ty.

Dear Bill,

I havent saw you since you left and

would like to know if you are sick or well

abed. I am glad to say I am, though lately

dad licked me like a postage stamp, you see

he catched me chawing tobacco and he says

says he "Young man walk down in this yer

cellar; fatherly feeling prompts me to for-

give you but outraged duty demands satis-

faction and I feel like giving it." Well dad's

a bigger feller nor I are and I thought I'd

better go though I knew it would be a one-

sided fight.

He took me by the hand and touched me

one on the back that I fel clean through my

clothes, then I told him I would never do so

any more again, Ah says he My Boy these

licks dont hurt you half so bad as they hurt

me to give them, but I did not think that

was adaztly so. Then he let in to me worse

never and I held my breath a purpose, and

let on as if I had fainted and got very

loose all at wont and hung in his hand

like as if I was about gone and dad got

madly scared and shook me and threw

away the cowhide and called me and I

didn't let on a bit for I known I had fixed

me up and cried and said if I'd come to

I could have all the tobacco I wanted but

I didn't wake up he'd lick me like blazes and

I did and I haven't got licked but once since.

I got a new pair of boots and a bad cold

since you left. I've learned to smoke, Mike

O'Brien and me gits our cigars ready made

and half-smoked and they're good ones too,

and none of your four for a cent a handful

; Mike and me we runs off from school

and no body dont know a word about it.

Dear Bill the calf's dead and dad's out

west. Mam says she's glad he's gone—I

mean the calf. She says if the genes

sculp him, that's dad, she hopes they'll send

us a lock of his hair but dad ain't got hair

he's bawled.

Dear Bill this is all, no more at present.

B. Hinde Time.

How different some children are from an-

other!

There's my friend Jones, he has more chil-

dren than any thing else; he has seven of

them, and if they live to grow up they will

be self-made men and women because they

all have wills of their own and mind no-

body.

I sometimes go there for old acquaintance

sake, and by the time I get seated the chil-

dren take charge of my new plug hat, and one

at all, and of course is obliged to care;

and as Mrs. Jones tries to get three of the chil-

dren's feet out which are fast in the hat

she rebukes them severely with: "Now, dear

children, if I ever catch you doing so again

I shall whip you as long as I can find you!"

Then, one of them throws what remains of

the hat to me, and while I am trying to re-

duce it into somewhat straitened circum-

stances, two or three boys come up and be-

gin kicking me on the shins, while the bal-

ance get hold